

Shadow COMICS



VOL. 2

NO. 5

JULY 1942

THE SHADOW
MEETS THE
GHOST FAKER

THE SHADOW PRESENTS HIS FRIENDS • **YOUR RADIO STARS!**
TRUE LIFE ADVENTURES OF **BOB HAWK** • "KING OF QUIZMASTERS" •
HARRY JAMES & GUY LOMBARDO, "SPOTLIGHT BANDS" LEADERS!

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COMICS EDITOR

79 Seventh Avenue, New York City

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SHADOW COMICS

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79 SEVENTH AVENUE, N. Y.

THE SHADOW

FIGHTS THE GHOST FAKER



BAFFLING CRIMES SUDDENLY SHROUD LAKE CALADA, EXCLUSIVE SUMMER COLONY, IN A EERIE CLOAK OF MYSTERY. ANSWERING THE URGENT CALL OF NILES RUNDON, OWNER OF THE RESORT, LAMONT CRANSTON, AS THE SHADOW, PITS HIS WITS AGAINST THE TREACHERY OF THE GHOST FAKER

HURRYING TO THE AIRPORT, LAMONT CRANSTON AND MARGO LANE DISCUSS THE ROBBERIES AT LAKE CALADA.

IN HIS LETTER, NILES RUNDON MENTIONED A PROFESSOR SCORPIO, WHO GIVES SPIRIT SEANCES!

YES- AND THE ROBBERIES ALWAYS HAPPENED ON THE SEANCE NIGHTS.

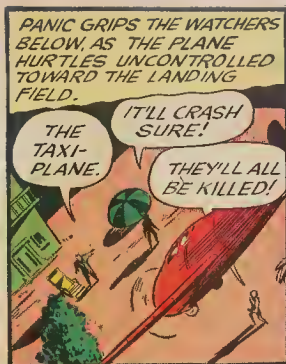
WHY, THIS ISN'T A REGULAR AIR- LINER

NO, IT'S A SPECIAL TAXI PLANE FOR THE PEOPLE WHO LIVE AT LAKE CALADA!

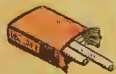


THE WEED OF CRIME BEARS BITTER FRUIT...CRIME DOES NOT PAY....THE SHADOW KNOWS





NILES RUNDON EXPLAINS THAT THE PILOT'S DEATH WAS CAUSED BY DOPED CIGARETTES-- THAT AFFECTED HIS HEART WHEN THE PLANE CHANGED ALTITUDE!



WE FOUND THESE IN THE PILOT'S POCKET. I HAD THEM TESTED, BECAUSE THEY ARE SCORPIO'S OWN BRAND!

A GOOD START, RUNDON!



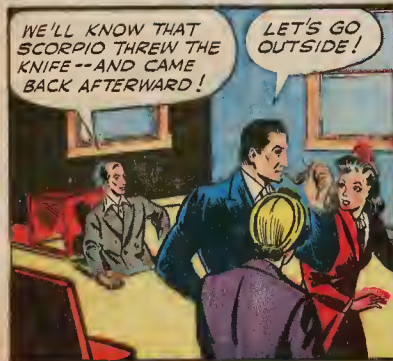
BUT PEOPLE WON'T BELIEVE SCORPIO TRIED TO STAGE A PLANE CRASH, JUST TO PROVE HIS PREDICTION OF DISASTER!

THEY WILL AFTER TONIGHT!



RUNDON SUGGESTS THAT HE AND CRANSTON CRASH THE SEANCE THAT SCORPIO IS GIVING IN THE EVENING, THEREBY TRAPPING THE PROFESSOR IN FAKERY-- CRANSTON AGREES!!





CRIME AT LAKE CALADA!! NILES RUNDON, FOUNDER OF THE CALADA COLONY BELIEVES THAT PROFESSOR SCORPIO, A SPOOK FAKER, IS RESPONSIBLE FOR RECENT ROBBERIES!

OUR JOB, RUNDON, IS TO FORCE SCORPIO TO USE THAT TRAP DOOR AT HIS NEXT SEANCE!

VERY EASY, CRANSTON! WE'LL GET HIM TO MATERIALIZE A GHOST!



HE'LL HARDLY DO THAT IF WE ASK HIM.

WE WON'T. WE'LL ARRANGE IT THROUGH PAULA LODI--ONE OF HIS DUPES.



CERTAINLY, NILES, I'LL TALK TO PAULA.

AND MAKE CERTAIN SHE WEARS HER JEWELS, LOIS, SCORPIO COULDN'T RESIST SUCH BAIT!

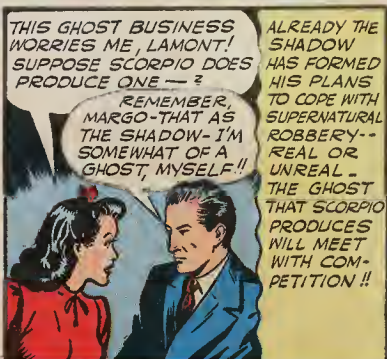
THAT'S FINE!



THIS GHOST BUSINESS WORRIES ME, LAMONT! SUPPOSE SCORPIO DOES PRODUCE ONE--?

REMEMBER, MARGO--THAT AS THE SHADOW--I'M SOMEWHAT OF A GHOST, MYSELF!!

ALREADY THE SHADOW HAS FORMED HIS PLANS TO COPE WITH SUPERNATURAL ROBBERY--REAL OR UNREAL--THE GHOST THAT SCORPIO PRODUCES WILL MEET WITH COMPETITION!!



THAT NIGHT AT THE SEANCE...

HELLO, PROFESSOR, WHERE'S ABDUL?

ABDUL IS INDISPOSED TONIGHT, MR. RUNDON.



YOU HEARD THAT, CRANSTON? IT MEANS THAT ABDUL CAN'T SHOW HIMSELF BECAUSE HE HAS TO PLAY THE GHOST!

SO I INFERRED!



LOOK, LAMONT! THERE'S PAULA LODI WEARING ALL HER GEMS! AND SCORPIO HAS HIS EYES ON THEM.

SO HAVE WE... AND WE'LL SEE THAT SCORPIO KEEPS HIS HANDS OFF!



IF YOU'RE GOING INTO SCORPIO'S SEANCE, CRANSTON, I'D BETTER STAY OUTSIDE!

WATCH FOR ABDUL!



YOU MAY HAVE THE SEAT OF HONOR WITHIN THE CIRCLE, MISS LODI!

THANK YOU!

CLOAK AND HAT STILL WHERE I PUT THEM!



I SHALL TURN OFF THE LIGHTS-AND WHEN I ENTER THE CIRCLE--



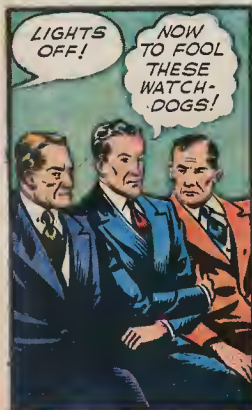
-ALL WILL JOIN HANDS

NICE CUSTOMERS, THESE! SCORPIO MUST HAVE HIRED THEM TO KEEP ME OCCUPIED!!



LIGHTS OFF!

NOW TO FOOL THESE WATCH-DOGS!



I, SCORPIO, AM IN THE CIRCLE! JOIN HANDS!



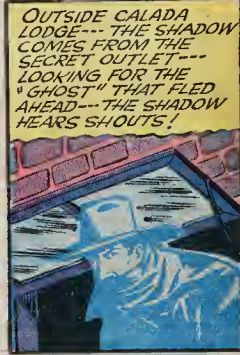
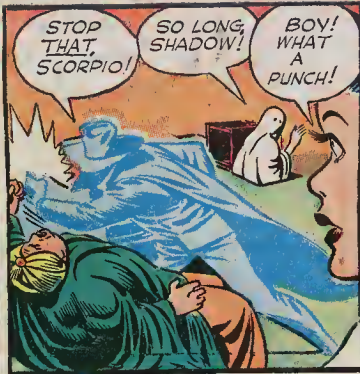
SCORPIO MATERIALIZES A GHOST.

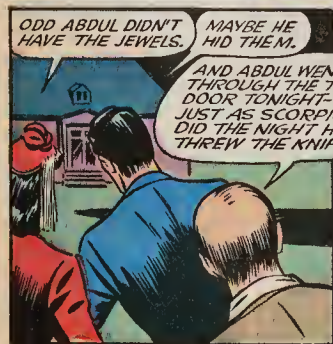
AND NOW---A CREATURE FROM THE OTHER WORLD.





HAVING RUINED PROFESSOR SCORPIO'S SEANCE--- THE SHADOW IS NOW AFTER THE GHOST FAKER





OPERATING AS LAMONT CRANSTON, THE SHADOW HAS EXPOSED NILES RUNDON AS THE REAL MASTER OF THE CRIME AT LAKE CALADA, THEREBY AUTOMATICALLY EXONERATING PROFESSOR SCORPIO.

SO, YOU TRIED TO BLAME YOUR CRIMES ON ME!

SURE, FAKER, YOU HAD YOUR CHIN OUT.

AND IT STILL IS!

THE SHADOW!

NO EXIT RUNDON! THIS ROUTE HAS BEEN USED BEFORE.



LATER...

YOU MEAN, LAMONT, THAT IT WAS RUNDON WHO TRIED TO WRECK YOUR PLANE!

YES, MARGO, BECAUSE LOIS WAS IN IT. NO ONE WOULD SUSPECT A MAN OF MURDERING THE GIRL HE LOVED.

HENCE IT WAS A PART OF RUNDON'S PLAN TO PIN ALL THE BLAME FOR THE CRIMES ON POOR OLD SCORPIO.

THE SHADOW KNOWS!

Bob Hawk

KING OF THE QUIZMASTERS

THE QUESTION IS-WHO IS BOB HAWK? ALSO-"HOW'M I DOIN'?"

ROBERT MACGREGOR HAWK IS AN ENIGMA. AN "ENIGMA" IS A QUESTION. HE BECAME FAMOUS NOT BY KNOWING ALL THE ANSWERS - BUT BY ASKING ALL THE QUESTIONS!

BORN IN OKLAHOMA IN 1907, BOB FIRST BEGAN STUMPING PEOPLE AT THE AGE OF FOUR.

WHY DOES CHICK' CROSS ROAD, DADDY?

WHY... THAT IS... I MEAN... HRUMPH...! I... WOULDN'T KNOW, SON!



DOESN'T HE WANT TO GET ON THE OTHER SIDE, DADDY?

HUH?... WHY OF COURSE! (SPUTTER-SPUT) ...I HOPE THAT ANSWERS YOUR QUESTION!

AT THE AGE OF FIVE, HE MADE HIS THEATRICAL DEBUT IN A CHURCH PLAY...

GUESS WHAT I AM... AND I WILL GRANT THEE THREE WISHES!



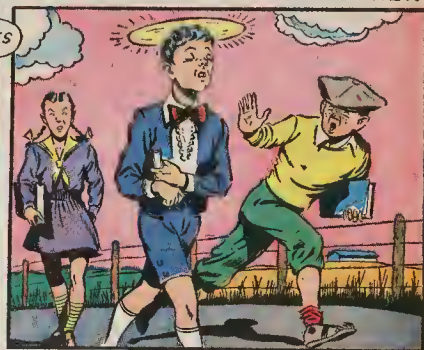
AS YOU CAN SEE - EVEN AT THIS EARLY STAGE HE WAS PAYING OFF FOR CORRECT ANSWERS!

SOME LITTLE BOYS ARE SO GOOD THAT A HALO CAN BE SEEN RIDING OVER THEIR HEADS - LIKE THIS ONE...



YOU ARE AN ANGEL, FROM WAY UP HIGH. YOU TEACH LITTLE BOYS TO LAUGH, NEVER CRY.

CORRECT-IS YOUR ANSWER. THREE WISHES I'LL GRANT, SIR!

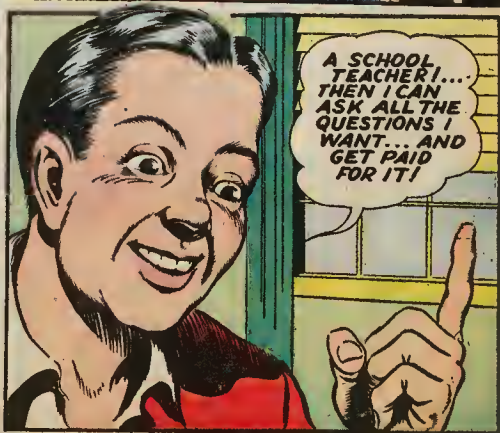


BUT BOB WAS DIFFERENT. THOSE WHO KNEW HIM WELL IN HIS FORMATIVE YEARS SAW THE SYMBOL OF HIS LIFE CONSTANTLY WITH HIM... A QUESTION MARK!

AS BOB GOT OLDER, HIS PASSION FOR ASKING QUESTIONS BECAME GREATER. HIS FATHER STOOD THE STRAIN CALLANTLY, ONE DAY, HOWEVER, HE TURNED THE TABLES-

SAY, DAD... I WANT TO ASK YOU A QUESTION... DO YOU KNOW...

WAIT!... I'M GOING TO ASK YOU ONE FOR A CHANGE!... WHAT DO YOU WANT TO BE WHEN YOU GROW UP?



A SCHOOL TEACHER!... THEN I CAN ASK ALL THE QUESTIONS I WANT... AND GET PAID FOR IT!

BECAUSE BOB ASKED SO MANY QUESTIONS, HE AUTOMATICALLY LEARNED A LOT. SO MUCH, AS A MATTER OF FACT, HE GRADUATED FROM SOUTHWESTERN TEACHER'S COLLEGE AT THE AGE OF 18. IMMEDIATELY HE GOT A TEACHING JOB IN A JUNIOR HIGH SCHOOL TEACHING ENGLISH AND DRAMATICS....

HIS FIRST DAY ON THE JOB FOUND HIM EAGER AND EXCITED.....

BOY-O-BOY!... ALL I DO IS JUST ASK... AND ASK... ASK QUESTIONS!... AM I IN HEAVEN!... WOW!

Shakespeare
Jonson

BUT BOB'S BED OF ROSES TURNED OUT TO BE A DEN OF THORNS! HE FOUND HIMSELF THE CENTER OF A BARRAGE OF QUESTIONS!



AFTER FOUR DREADFUL MONTHS ANSWERING QUESTIONS INSTEAD OF ASKING THEM, BOB WAS RELIEVED BY SUMMER VACATION



BROKEN IN SPIRIT, HE ENTERAINED FOR CHICAGO AND A JOB WITH HIS UNCLE OVER VACATION....

THAT'S RIGHT, SON. AND BY FALL YOU CAN START YOUR NEW TEACHING JOB AT NORTHWESTERN COLLEGE IN ALVA, OKLAHOMA, WITH A FRESH OUTLOOK!

I HOPE YOU'RE BOTH RIGHT... THANKS AN GOODBYE.

AT LAST!... ANOTHER WEEK AND I'D HAVE GONE NUTS!

THE CHANGE WILL DO YOU GOOD... AND A LOT OF STRANGE PEOPLE WILL BE GLAD TO ANSWER YOUR QUESTIONS.



LIFE IN CHICAGO DIDN'T PROVE EXCITING. BOB FOUND SOME CONSOLATION IN THE CIGAR STORE AROUND THE CORNER. THE CLERK LIKED TO ANSWER QUESTIONS!

SAY-WHO'S THAT READING POETRY ON THE RADIO?

HIM? OH HE'S THE PRAIRIE POET. BROADCASTS ON THE STATION AROUND THE CORNER.

POEMS ARE MADE BY FOOLS LIKE ME...

YOU SURE KNOW A LOTTA ANSWERS ART!

THANKS, BOB... AN' YOU SURE GOTTA LOT O' QUESTIONS!

CIGAR

HEY! WHAT'S UP?... WHERE ARE YOU GOING?

I'M GOING TO TRY FOR A RADIO JOB READING POETRY. I MAJORED IN ENGLISH LITERATURE IN COLLEGE!

HONEST, MISTER - I CAN READ POETRY LIKE A DREAM! WILL YOU HIRE ME? ANSWER: "YES" OR "NO"!

WELL... YES... BUT AS I TOLD YOU-THERE'S NO DAY IF YOU'RE FOOL ENOUGH TO WORK WITH-OUT THAT - THE JOB IS YOURS.

RADIO



HAVE YOU TRIED "PIXIES PIXILATED PILLS" FOR PIMPLES? RUN... DON'T WALK TO THE DRUGSTORE TO BUY SOME! YOUR COMPLEXION WILL THANK YOU FOR THE NEXT NUMBER... ETC... ETC.

BOB'S ANNOUNCING JOB TERMINATED AT THE END OF A FEW WEEKS. HE FOUND HIMSELF WITHOUT FUNDS, SO...

BOB HAWK'S POETRY CORNER, DIDN'T WIN ANY POPULARITY POLLS. BUT SOMEHOW BOB HELDON. HIS FIRST BREAK CAME AS A SUBSTITUTE ANNOUNCER ON AN ALL RECORD PROGRAM...



HUMMMMM... PIANO SALESMAN. EH?... OH, WELL - I CAN ASK A LOT OF QUESTIONS ABOUT PIANOS ANYWAY!

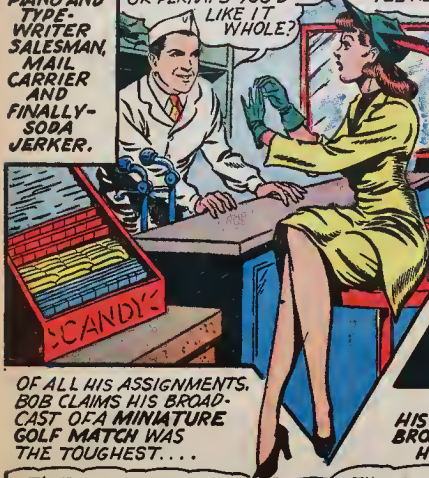


ONE JOB FOLLOWED ANOTHER-PIANO AND TYPE-WRITER SALESMAN, MAIL CARRIER AND FINALLY-SODA JERKER.

NOW, MADAM-DO YOU WANT YOUR BANANA CUT IN HALVES, QUARTERS OR PERHAPS YOU'D LIKE IT WHOLE?

WHY I NEVER-HEARD... OH I SEE... A JOKE! TEE HEE-HEE...

BUT RADIO WAS IN BOB'S BLOOD. HE GOT BACK INTO IT AS A ROVING ANNOUNCER- COVERING SPORTS, OPERA AND NEWS EVENTS.



WHATT A FIGHT!... JABULACHI HAS GRABULACHI BY THE BEARD!... GRABULACHI'S STARTING TO YELL!... HE HIT HIGH'C!... WHATT A FIGHT!... NOW THEY'VE GOT EACH OTHER'S EARS... JABULACHI FELL ON HIS HEAD AND BOUNCED... WHATT A FIGHT!



HIS MOST THRILLING, BLOOD-CURDLING BROADCAST WAS THE BURNING OF THE HINDENBURG....

IT'S THE SEVENTH HOLE AND ALL EVEN, FOLKS. DALEY STEPS UP TO THE BALL... HE WRIGGLES HIS TOES... YES... NO... YES!... IT WAS HIS TOES HE WIGGLED... HE TAKES AIM... HE... ETC... ETC...

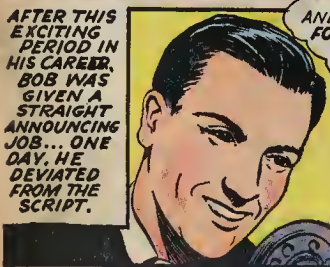
THE HEAT... THE HEAT IS LIKE AN INFERNO... FLAMES ARE SHOOTING HIGH IN THE SKY... ALMOST OUT OF SIGHT... PEOPLE ARE DROPPING FROM THE SHIP... IN FLAMES... IT'S HORRIBLE... HORRIBLE!



AND OUR NEXT RE-CORDING IS "I AIN'T GOT NOBODY"

DEVIATING FROM SCRIPT IS ONE OF THE MAJOR OFFENSES OF RADIO. WHEN BOB SAW HIS BOSS CRASHING INTO THE STUDIO AFTER THE SHOW, HE SAW HIMSELF FIRED....

AFTER THIS EXCITING PERIOD IN HIS CAREER, BOB WAS GIVEN A STRAIGHT ANNOUNCING JOB... ONE DAY, HE DEVIATED FROM THE SCRIPT.



IT'S RED HOT AND LOW DOWN, FOLKS! PUT ON YOUR ASBESTOS SUITS!

I'M SORRY... DON'T KNOW WHAT CAME OVER ME... I JUST SAID IT 'FORE I KNEW WHAT I WAS THINKING... I'LL GO.

SORRY?... GO?... WHY YOU'RE TERRIFIC, BOB. M'BOY... I WANT YOU TO AD-LIB ON THIS PROGRAM EVERY DAY.



BOB'S 'AD-LIBS' AND WITTY SAYINGS BROUGHT HIM A LARGE FAN FOLLOWING. THEY WANTED TO SEE HIM, SO HE MADE PERSONAL APPEARANCES IN MOVIE HOUSES AROUND CHICAGO...

SOMETIME LATER, HIS PROGRAM WAS UP FOR RENEWAL. HE WAS CALLED INTO THE ADVERTISING AGENCY.

"ONLY YESTERDAY"
TONIGHT ONLY
**BOB HAWK, THE
RED HOT ANNOUNCER**

THE NEXT DAY,
BOB MADE THE
ANNOUNCEMENT.

...AND SO,
LADIES AND
GENTLEMEN,
YOU'RE ALL IN-
VITED TO OUR
STUDIO PARTY
TOMORROW
MORNING.

BOB- YOUR SPONSOR
WANTS PROOF YOU'RE
AS POPULAR AS WE CLAIM
YOU ARE. HOW CAN WE
PROVE IT?

LET'S HAVE A STUDIO
PARTY AND INVITE
ALL THE
LISTENERS.

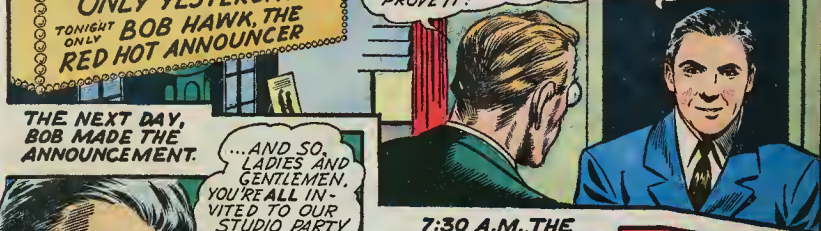
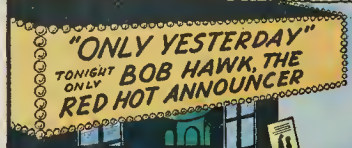
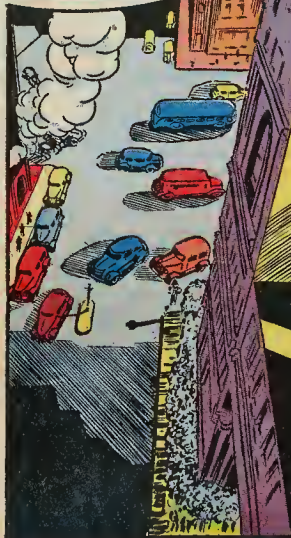
7:30 A.M. THE
FOLLOWING MORNING...

YOU SHOULD SEE 'EM, FOLKS!...
THOUSANDS OF PEOPLE!
WHY DIDN'T SOMEBODY TELL
ME?.. I'D HAVE HIRED
SOLDIERS' FIELD!

ONE HOUR LATER, BOB
WAS HANDED A
RENEWED CONTRACT.

YOUR PARTY
STUNT DID IT, BOB!...
IT'S A TWO YEAR
RENEWAL!

BOY!... I'M MORE
SURPRISED THAN
THE SPONSORS!



A COUPLE OF YEARS LATER...

WHAT'S WRONG NOW, BOB?... YOUR CONTRACT'S RENEWED AGAIN. YOU'RE MORE POPULAR THAN EVER! YOU SHOULD BE HAPPY!

YEAH... I GUESS SO... BUT ALL THESE YEARS IN RADIO I'VE BEEN MISSING MY ONE... MY ONLY... MY GREAT AMBITION. TO ASK QUESTIONS!

HEY!... I'VE GOT AN IDEA... A SWELL KIND OF RADIO PROGRAM. A QUIZ PROGRAM!

A WHAT?... QUIZ PROGRAM? SAY THAT ISN'T A BAD IDEA!

SNAPI!

THE SHOW WAS SOLD AND PRESENTED A FEW WEEKS LATER. VARIETY REVIEWED IT...

AFTER TWO TERRIFIC YEARS WITH FUN QUIZ, BOB WAS SUMMONED TO NEW YORK FOR A NATIONAL SHOW - "QUIXIE DOODLE!"

FUN QUIZ WITH BOB HAWK



A NEW KIND OF AUDIENCE PARTICIPATION SHOW. HAWK ASKS SCREWY QUESTIONS - GETS SCREWY ANSWERS. AUDIENCE LOVED IT. MIGHT WELL MARK A NEW ERA IN RADIO.

HAPPY, MOM? WHY SHOULDN'T I BE HAPPY ASKING ALL THE QUESTIONS I WANT AND GETTING PAID FOR IT?.. WOW!

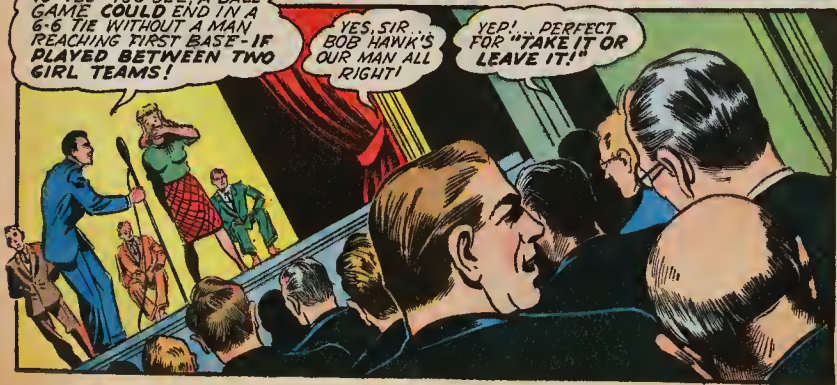
YOU'RE HEADING FOR THE BIG TIME, SON... ARE YOU HAPPY?

SHOULDN'T I BE HAPPY ASKING ALL THE QUESTIONS I WANT AND GETTING PAID FOR IT?.. WOW!

THE ANSWER IS "YES" - YOU SEE, A BALL GAME COULD END IN A 6-6 TIE WITHOUT A MAN REACHING FIRST BASE - IF PLAYED BETWEEN TWO GIRL TEAMS!

YES, SIR. BOB HAWK'S OUR MAN ALL RIGHT!

YEP! PERFECT FOR "TAKE IT OR LEAVE IT!"



AFTER THE BROADCAST BOB WAS APPROACHED BY TWO MEN...

YOU'RE JUST THE MAN FOR OUR NEW SHOW "TAKE IT OR LEAVE IT"...

HOW ABOUT TAKING IT OVER WHEN YOU FINISH THE SERIES?

GOSH-I'D LIKE TO. BUT I'M ALREADY SIGNED FOR ANOTHER SHOW CALLED "NAME THREE."

WE'LL POSTPONE OUR SHOW AN ADDITIONAL 13 WEEKS SO YOU CAN FILL THAT COMMITMENT AND THEN JOIN US!

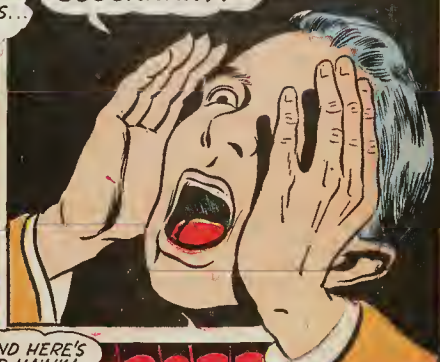
OKAY, GENTLEMEN - IT'S A DEAL!... I'LL TAKE IT!



YOU'RE DOING FINE, MR. GIMMELSHMUTTER. YOU'VE GOT \$32 - WILL YOU TRY FOR \$64?... TAKE IT OR LEAVE IT.

I... THAT IS... I'LL TAKE IT!

YOU'RE GONNA BE SOOORRRRY!



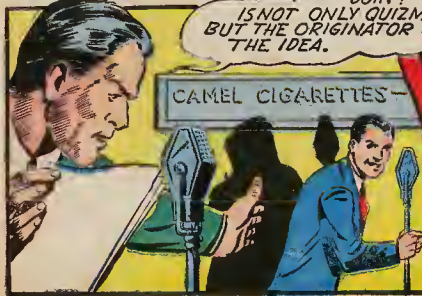
AFTER TWO YEARS WITH "TAKE IT OR LEAVE IT," BOB GOT AN IDEA AND SOLD IT TO CAMEL CIGARETTES!

AND HERE'S BOB HAWK! QUIZMASTER OF CAMEL'S NEW SHOW - "HOW'M I DOIN'?" BOB

AS ONE QUESTIONNAIRE TO ANOTHER... "HOW'M I DOIN'?"

OKAY, BROTHER... OKAY!

IS NOT ONLY QUIZMASTER, BUT THE ORIGINATOR OF THE IDEA.



**young America
votes for its
FAVORITE
MUSIC
MAKER**

When you have read their biographies, listened to their music on Coca-Cola's "Spotlight Bands" Program and decided which orchestra is **YOUR** favorite—fill in the blank below and send it to us immediately.

If you want your favorite orchestra and leader to win this honor—don't fail to send in your vote and get your friends to send in theirs!

STREET & SMITH PUBLICATIONS, INC.
79 Seventh Avenue, New York City

Here are the band leaders and the magazines in which their biographies appear. You can get these magazines at the newsstand or store where you bought this one. Check the name of **YOUR** favorite in the column provided.

[illegible]

Biography in	July Super-Magician Comics
"	July Army & Navy Comics
"	July Super-Magician Comics
"	July Shadow Comics
"	July Shadow Comics
"	September Doc Savage Comics
"	September Doc Savage Comics
"	July Bill Barnes Comics
"	July Bill Barnes Comics
"	September Trail Blazers Picture-Stories
"	September Trail Blazers Picture-Stories
"	September Pioneer Picture Stories
"	September Pioneer Picture Stories

Name: _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____



THE WORLD'S NUMBER ONE TRUMPETER HARRY JAMES..

Music Makers

THE MUSIC OF HARRY JAMES AND HIS ORCHESTRA SETS THE TEMPO FOR SWING FANS ALL OVER THE UNITED STATES. TODAY, HARRY IS ONE OF THE NATION'S TOP ORCHESTRA LEADERS AND ADMITTEDLY IS THE WORLD'S GREATEST TRUMPET PLAYER. BELIEVE IT OR NOT, HIS RISE TO PROMINENCE BEGAN TWENTY-SEVEN YEARS AGO IN A CIRCUS TENT...

HIS FATHER, THE BAND LEADER OF THE MIGHTY HAAG CIRCUS, PLAYED IN ALBANY, GA. FINISHED THE LAST SHOW AND RECEIVED EXCITING NEWS...

YOU'RE THE FATHER OF A FIVE-POUND BOY!
A BOY... WHERE IS IT?
TAKE ME TO HIM!
HOW'S MY WIFE?
HURRY! WHAT ARE WE WAITING FOR—A BOY!!



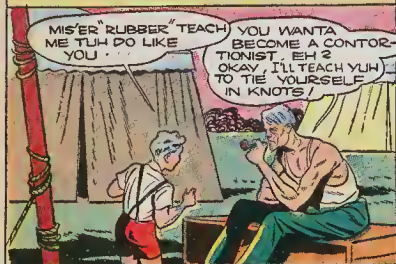
YOU GOT YOUR WISH... IT IS A BOY!

SCARCELY THREE HOURS OLD, HARRY JAMES BEGAN THE LIFE OF A TROUPER. WHILE HIS FIRST SQUAWKS FILLED THE AIR, THE ROUSTABOUTS PULLED STAKES "DOWNED" TENTS AND THE MIGHTY CARAVAN WAS ON ITS WAY TO THE NEXT TOWN.

OUR BOY... AND HE'S GOING TO BE A GREAT MUSICIAN... I'LL TEACH HIM MYSELF—GIVE HIM EVERY OPPORTUNITY! THE NAME OF HARRY JAMES IS REALLY GOING TO MEAN SOMETHING IN MUSIC!



SHORTLY AFTER HE LEARNED TO WALK, HARRY STRUCK UP AN ACQUAINTANCE WITH RUBBER, AN OLD CONTORTIONIST



THE YOUNGSTER WAS SO CUTE, WAS ALSO DRESSED IN GIRL'S CLOTHES AND POSED AS CINDERELLA IN A BIG SILVER SLIPPER DURING THE STREET PARADES!



HARRY REMEMBERED THAT CAPTAIN JACOBS ONCE TOLD HIM— KEEP STILL—LOOK A LION IN THE EYES AND HE WON'T HARM YOU.



SEVERAL WEEKS LATER, HARRY MADE HIS DEBUT AS A PERFORMER.



THE PARADE ALWAYS WOUND UP INSIDE THE BIG TOP. ONE DAY THE LION CAGES WERE LEFT CARELESSLY OPEN... TWO LIONS STALKED FORTH !!!



IN THE NICK OF TIME, CAPTAIN JACOBS APPEARED! HIS CRACKING WHIP STUNNED AND FRIGHTENED THE SAVAGE BEASTS INTO SUBMISSION!



HE HAD A NATURAL TALENT FOR MUSIC AND SOON TOOK UP THE TRUMPET. IN NO TIME AT ALL, HE WAS THE CLITE KID MARCHING AT THE HEAD OF THE BAND BLASTING OUT THE "STARS AND STRIPES FOREVER"....



THE FAMILY JOINED THE CHRISTY CIRCUS AND YOUNG HARRY WAS MADE LEADER OF THE NO. 2 BAND—ACROSS FROM HIS DAD'S OUTFIT, HE WAS THE YOUNGEST CIRCUS BAND LEADER IN THE WORLD!!



HIS FIRST INTRODUCTION TO MUSIC CAME AT THE AGE OF FOUR: HE BECAME THE FEATURED DRUMMER IN HIS FATHER'S ORCHESTRA....

ATTA-BOY SON! BEAT IT OUT!



BETTER, HARRY—BUT DON'T SLUR THOSE HIGH NOTES... HIT 'EM CLEAN!



WHEN HARRY WAS FIFTEEN YEARS OLD—

SON YOUR MOTHER AND I HAVE TROUBLED A LONG TIME. WE FEEL IT'S TIME WE SETTLED DOWN.

THAT'S SWEET... AND I'M GLAD YOU'RE GOING TO HAVE A HOME.

WE'RE PLANNING ON GOING TO BEALMONT, TEXAS—WINTER HEADQUARTERS FOR THE CIRCUS AND LIVING THERE.



... I FEEL I OUGHTA GET
STARTED PLAYING SOME
REAL MUSIC... I'D LIKE TO
GET IN WITH A DANCE BAND...

HARRY, YOU BLOW
THE SWEETEST
TRUMPET THIS
SIDE OF HEAVEN!

I'D SURE
LIKE TO
AUDITION
FOR HIM

BEN POLLACKS A
FRIEND OF MINE...
I'M GONNA TELL HIM
ABOUT YOU. YOU
SHOULD BE WITH
AN OUTFIT LIKE
HIS!

HARRY GOT HIS AUDITION
AND BECAME A MEMBER OF
THE BEN POLLACK CREW—HE
WAS THE FEATURE OF THE
BAND THEN CAME HIS
BIG BREAK—AN OFFER
FROM **BENNY GOODMAN**
—THE KING OF SWING!

THE WIRE'S
FROM GOOD-
MAN...
HE WANTS
ME TO JOIN
HIM!

WOULD YOU MIND
IF I TOOK IT, BEN?

COURSE NOT, HARRY
YOU KNOW DARN WELL—
OLE BEN POLLACKS
PLUGGIN' FOR YOU TO
GO RIGHT TO THE TOP.
AND YOU WILL!

HARRY WAS A SENSATION
WITH BENNY GOODMAN. TO-
GETHER, WITH LIONEL HAMPTON,
GENE KRUPA, TEDDY
WILSON, BENNY AND HARRY
MADE MUSIC THE WORLD
WILL NEVER FORGET!!

YEAH!

AS BEN POLLACK PREDICTED, HARRY JAMES
SOON WENT TO THE TOP! IN '39 GOODMAN
ENCOURAGED HIM TO FORM HIS OWN BAND.
EVERY SWING LOVER KNOWS THE RESULT. TODAY
HARRY JAMES LEADS ONE OF THE GREATEST
ORCHESTRAS IN THE COUNTRY!!

GUY LOMBARDO

AFFECTIONATELY CROWNED BY THE NATION
"KING OF CORN," AND HIS
ROYAL CANADIANS



THIRTY SIX YEARS AGO THE POPULATION OF LONDON, ONTARIO, CANADA, WAS INCREASED BY ONE IN THE INFANT PERSON OF GUY LOMBARDO. TIME MARCHED ON AND IN 1920, THIS SAME GUY ORGANIZED LONDON'S FIRST DANCE ORCHESTRA.

BORN WITH A SENSE OF SHOWMANSHIP AND INATE KNOWLEDGE OF WHAT THE PUBLIC LIKES, GUY SOON HAD A FIRST CLASS COMBINATION. A VAUDEVILLE AGENT HAPPENED TO HEAR HIM ONE NIGHT...

SAY, KID - YOU GOT A UNIQUE STYLE O' MUSIC. HOW'DJA LIKE TO TOUR VAUDEVILLE IN THE USA?

YOU REALLY THINK WE'RE GOOD ENOUGH?



YOU'VE GOT A DIFFERENT STYLE. PUBLIC LIKES ANYTHING NEW. SIGN WITH ME AND I'LL KEEP YOU WORKIN' STEADY.

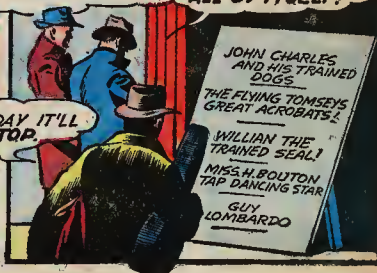
OKAY, MISTER - IT'S A DEAL! WE CAN BE READY NEXT WEEK.

GUY AND TWO OF HIS BROTHERS - CARMEN AND LEBERT - GOT THEIR FIRST BIG THRILL BY SEEING THEIR FIRST MARQUE BILLING.

THEIR IT IS... RIGHT DOWN ON THE BOTTOM

YOU SAID IT!.. AND ALL BY ITSELF!

SOMEDAY IT'LL BE ON TOP.



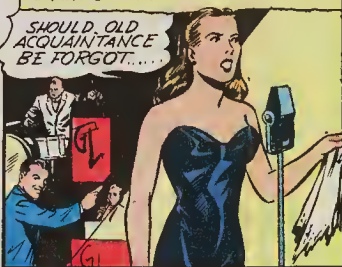
NOVEMBER
22ND OF
EACH YEAR,
GUY
LOMBARDO
PLAYS THE
SONG
ROSE MARIE*
AS HIS
FIRST
NUMBER.
THE
REASON...

IT'S DAD, GUY.
MOTHERS JUST
GIVEN BIRTH
TO A BABY
GIRL. SHE
WANTS YOU BOYS
TO NAME HER.
WHAT'LL IT BE?

LISTEN IN ON
OUR PROGRAM
TONIGHT. THE
FIRST NUMBER
WE PLAY WILL
BE HER NAME!

THE NUMBER GUY PLAYED
THAT NIGHT WAS ROSE MARIE.
AND HERE SHE IS, THE
ORCHESTRA'S VOCALIST!

SHOULD OLD
ACQUAINTANCE
BE FORGOT.....



FOR TEN YEARS, GUY LOMBARDO
HAS WON THE RADIO EDITORS' POLL
AS THE MOST POPULAR SWEET BAND.

GUY IS PRACTICALLY A YARDSTICK FOR
ALL YOUNG ORCHESTRAS IN THE
SELECTION OF SONGS.....

THIS NUMBER'S NO
GOOD. LET'S
REHEARSE
SOMETHING ELSE.

OH YEAH?... LOMBARDO
PLAYED IT ON HIS
COLGATE RADIO SHOW
FOR THREE WEEKS.
THAT MEANS IT'S
A HIT!

GUY, IT'S OUR
PLEASURE TO
PRESENT THIS
POPULARITY
PLAQUE TO
YOU.

THANKS!



LOMBARDO'S
MUSIC HAS
STARTED
MANY A
ROMANCE.

G GOSH, HONEY.
DON'T THAT
LOMBARDO
MUSIC DO
THINGS
TO YOU?

IT MAKES ME
ALL SOFT AND
PUTTY INSIDE...
I COULD DANCE
IN YOUR ARMS
FOREVER!

WITH ROSE MARIE AND YOUNG BROTHER
VICTOR, NOW PERMANENT MEMBERS,
BROTHER GUY IS "PROUD AS SHOOTIN'"
WHEN THEY APPEAR WITH HIM ON
COCA COLA'S SPOTLIGHT PARADE.



SO YOU'RE THE
ONE WELL -
WHADAYA KNOW!

G-GOOD EVENING L-LADIES AN' G-GEN'ELMEN... TH-THIS IS G-GUY L-LOMBARDO AND HIS OR-ORCHESTRA... (GULP)... (GULP)

GUY SOON GOT OVER HIS MIKE-FRIGHT AND THE ORCHESTRA WAS A BIG HIT. BETWEEN SETS AFTER A COUPLE OF YEARS, THE BROTHERS LOMBARDO WERE TALKING ABOUT CLEVELAND WHEN...

FAR AS I'M CONCERNED I'D LIKE TO SETTLE HERE

THAT GOES FOR ME TOO... WE'RE MAKING GOOD MONEY. WE'RE A HIT...

PARDON-A TELEGRAM FOR MR GUY LOMBARDO...

FORGET ABOUT STAYING HERE!... THIS IS AN OFFER FROM THE GRANADO CAFE IN CHICAGO!... IT'S OUR BIG BREAK!

THE BOYS OPENED AT THE GRANADO, BUT SUCCESS CAME SLOWLY. FINALLY THEIR SWEET DISTINCTIVE STYLE CAUGHT ON AND THEY WERE THE RAGE!

THERE'S OUR BILLING IN TOP LIGHTS!

YEP... AND ALL BY ITSELF-LIKE I SAID!

GUY LOMBARDO

AS TIME PROGRESSED, GUY EARNED THE REPUTATION OF DISCOVERING MORE HIT TUNES THAN ANY OTHER BAND LEADER.

SO GREAT WAS THEIR POPULARITY, THEY WERE GIVEN THE FIRST COMMERCIAL PROGRAM EVER ALLOTTED A BAND ALONE!

THANK YOU- AND GOOD EVENING, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN. FIRST ON THE PROGRAM IS "MARGIE," VOCAL BY CARMEN LOMBARDO.

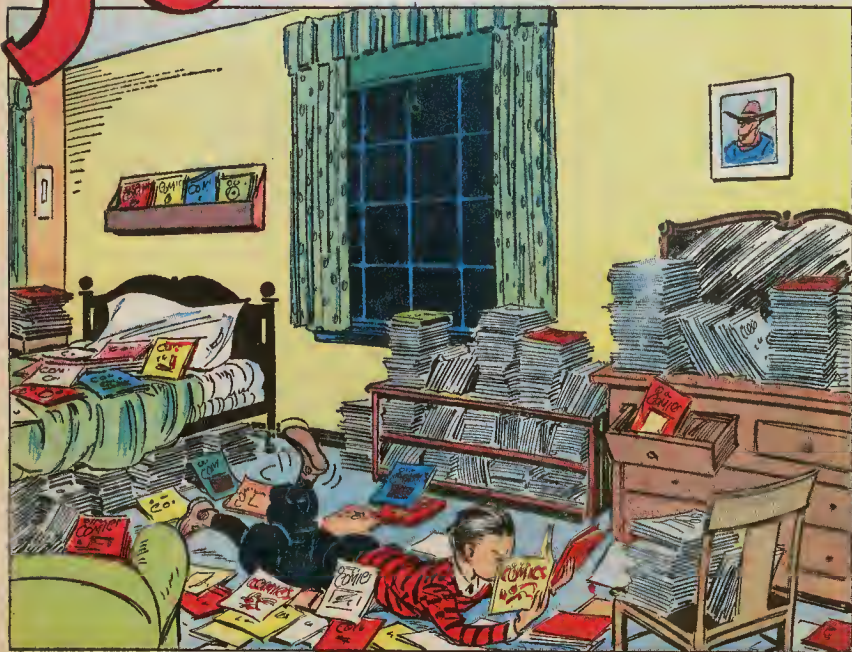
WELL, GUY, EVEN THOUGH I WROTE IT, TELL ME THE TRUTH. IS IT A HIT?

I DON'T THINK SO. THERE'S NOT ENOUGH MELODY. IT DEPENDS TOO MUCH ON ARRANGEMENT AND RHYTHM. SIMPLIFY THE MELODY AND YOU'LL HAVE SOMETHING.

WRIGLEY'S PRESENT AMERICA'S MOST POPULAR ORCHESTRA- GUY LOMBARDO!

SUPERSNIPE

THE BOY WITH THE MOST
COMIC BOOKS IN AMERICA



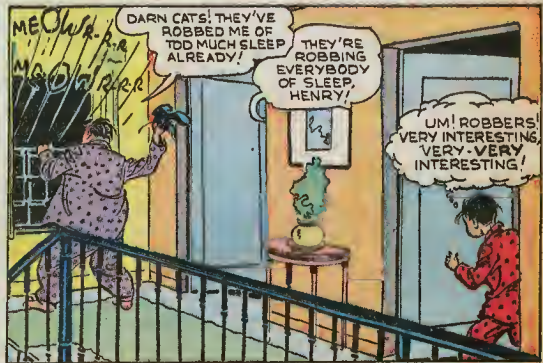
-AND I WAS TOLD IT IS
THE LARGEST FISH EVER
CAUGHT IN THE LAKE!
BUT WE CAN'T TOUCH
IT TONIGHT!

IT CERTAINLY IS A
BEAUTY, HENRY!
YOU OUGHT TO HAVE
YOUR PICTURE
TAKEN WITH IT!

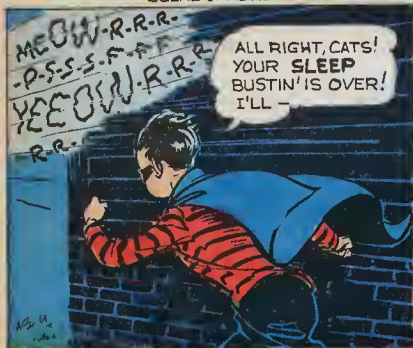


YOU BET, EMMA! AND THAT'S
JUST WHY WE CAN'T TOUCH
IT UNTIL TOMORROW — NO
PHOTOGRAPHER IS OPEN
AT THIS HOUR!





IN A FLASH- SUPERSNIPE HAS DRESSED AND IS ON THE
SCENE OF ACTION

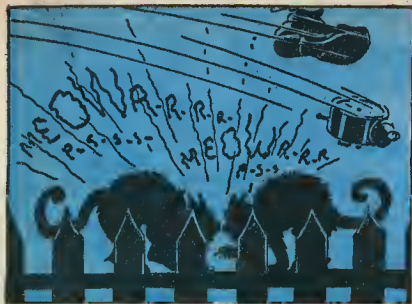


SUDDENLY.



A BATTLE ENSUES- THE LIKE OF WHICH HAS
NEVER BEFORE BEEN SEEN





I BETTER DASH HOME AN' STUDY THE SITUATION MORE! BESIDES - I'VE BEEN MISSING TOO MUCH WITH MY PUNCHES!

AH, HE'S HAD ENOUGH! BUT I'LL TRAIL HIM AND FIND OUT WHERE HE LIVES SO'S I CAN FIX HIM LATER FOR BUTTING IN MY BUSINESS!

WITH THE GREATEST OF EASE SUPERSNIPE SHADOWED THE TERROR TO THE LATTER'S DESTINATION - AND -



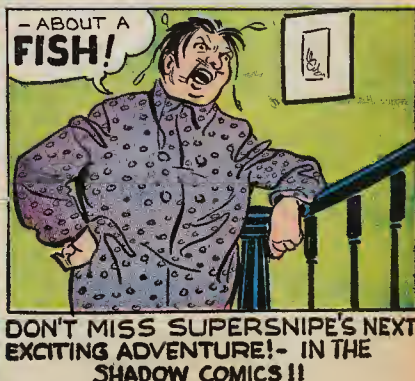
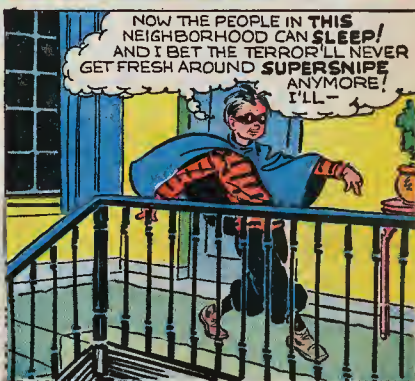
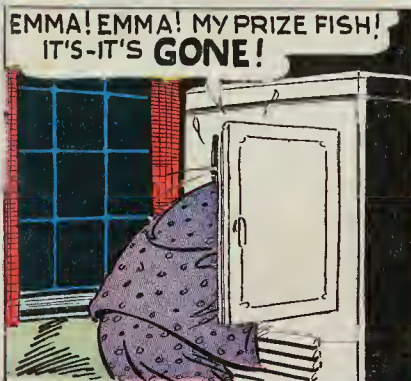
I'LL TAKE A QUICK PICTURE OF THIS PLACE WITH MY PHOTOGRAPHIC MIND AND COME BACK LATER - AFTER THE CAT CASE IS TAKEN CARE OF! HE'LL -

IDEA!

LATER - THE SCARLET TERROR IS SUDDENLY AWAKENED FROM A SOUND SLEEP - AND -

THAT'S FUNNY! I NEVER HEARD SO MANY CATS IN ALL MY LIFE! BESIDES- THEY'VE NEVER BEEN IN THIS NEIGHBORHOOD AT ALL BEFORE! I BETTER TAKE A LOOK!





Bob's dad gets some ADVICE ON ART

BILL, YOU'RE A
SUCCESSFUL ARTIST. MY
BOY LIKES TO DRAW, BUT
I CAN'T AFFORD TO SEND
HIM TO ART SCHOOL.
WHAT CAN I DO ABOUT IT?

THAT'S EASY...
HAVE HIM WRITE
ART INSTRUCTION INC.
FOR THEIR FREE
ART TEST.

IF HE PROVES HE
HAS TALENT HE CAN
TAKE ONE OF THEIR
COURSES AT HOME.
THAT'S THE WAY I
DID IT, AND I
CERTAINLY HAVE NO
REGRETS.

TEST YOUR DRAWING ABILITY FREE

Send for *Free Art Ability Test*. Get a plain-spoken opinion regarding your talent. It costs you nothing but it may be the first step toward real success for you in Commercial Art, Illustrating or Cartooning.

Modern business and industry need more and more artists. New products, new packages, new advertising plans—all need color, design, and art work to make them attractive and compelling. The field is constantly growing. Get into it now while you can.

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and so practical. Courses sold on easy payments.

Write today for your *Free Art Test* and literature illustrated with the work of our students and graduates. This test and book may prove the turning point in your life. At least, you owe it to yourself, to find out. Fill out and mail that coupon now!

Mail the Coupon...NOW...TODAY!

ART INSTRUCTION, INC.
2912 Art Instruction Bldg.
500 So. Fourth Street, Minneapolis, Minn.
Please send me **FREE ART TEST** and literature outlining opportunities in art.

Name.....
Age..... Occupation.....
Address.....

ART INSTRUCTION, Inc.
(Formerly **FEDERAL SCHOOLS, Incorporated**)

LITTLE NEMO



CITIZENS OF SLUMBERLAND! LISTEN WELL! PREPARE EVERYTHING FOR THE ARRIVAL OF LITTLE NEMO! LAST TIME HE CAME TO SLUMBERLAND I DIDN'T HAVE A CHANCE TO TELL HIM A VERY IMPORTANT THING. BEHIND STEEL DOORS WITHIN IS LOCKED THE GREATEST SECRET IN THE ENTIRE UNIVERSE. NEMO MUST COME BACK TO SLUMBERLAND. GO GO AND PREPARE THE WAY!

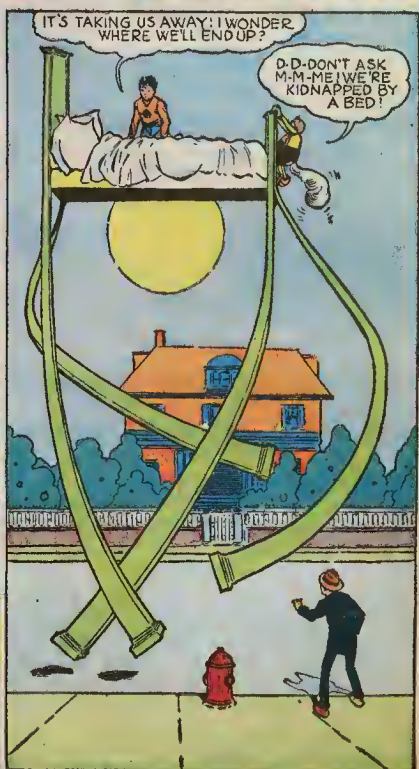
GO THAT WAY!

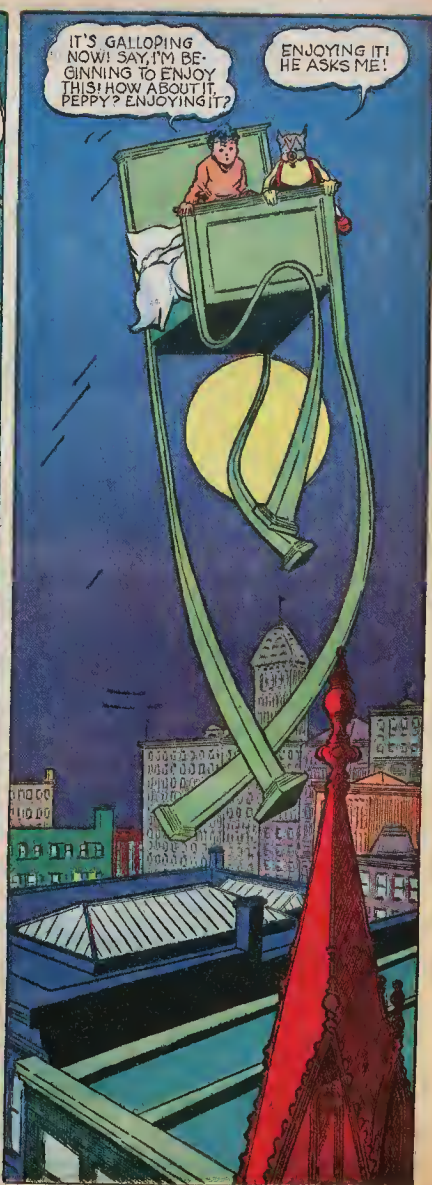
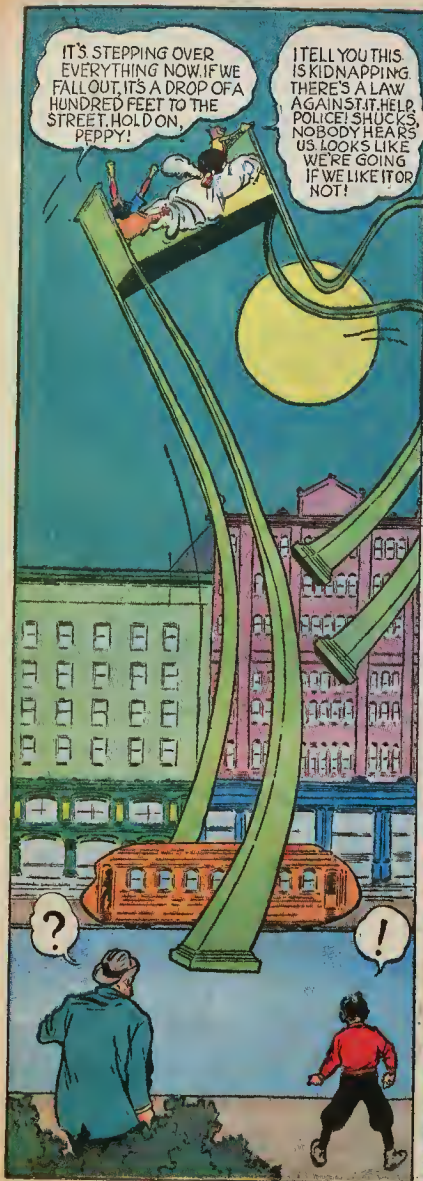
SPREAD THE NEWS-

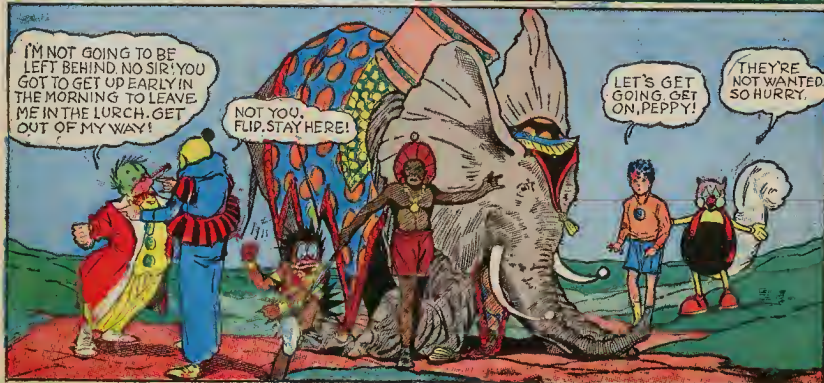
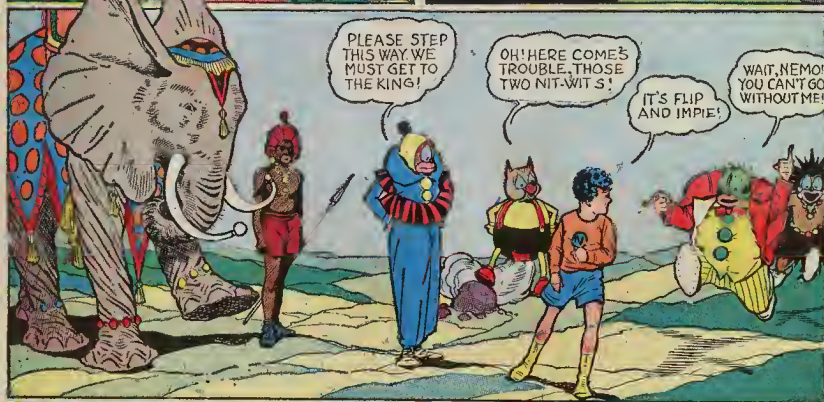
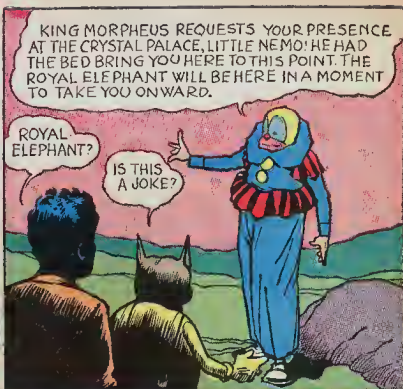
NEMO!! IS BACK-

OH, I HOPE FLIP AND IMPIE AND PEPPY DON'T SPOIL EVERYTHING AGAIN, AS THEY DID LAST TIME!

LOOK, NEMO!







WE'RE GOING UP A STEEP MOUNTAIN! THIS ELEPHANT CAN SURE CLIMB!

DID I HEAR YOU MAKE A CERTAIN REMARK REGARDING ME, MISTER?

NO, NO, NOT ME, FLIP!!



NOW DOWNHILL... WHEEE - BOYS!

WELL, THAT'S BETTER! I'LL LET YOU GO THIS TIME, NUTCRACKER!

BETTER WASH YOUR EARS!



WE'RE PAST THE MOUNTAIN'S! BUT WHAT IS IMPIE DOING?

OH, THAT IMP! HE BIT THE ELEPHANT'S EAR. IF I COULD GET HOLD OF HIM FOR A MINUTE!

WATCH OUT! THIS ELEPHANT IS ANGRY. HE'S LIABLE TO THROW US ALL OUT OF HERE!



SEE, IT OLD YOU 'SO!

HERE WE GO! WE'LL BE HURT WHEN WE LAND.

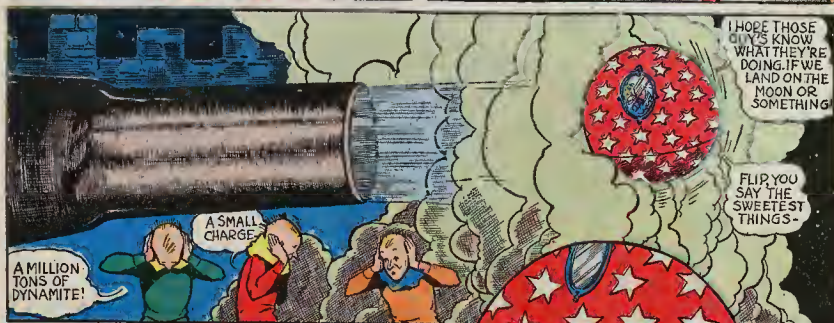
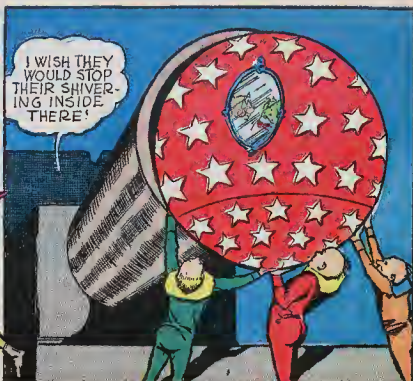
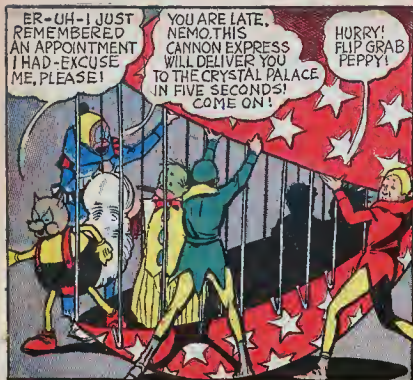
WAIT!! I GET MY HANDS ON THAT BLACK LITTLE IMP!

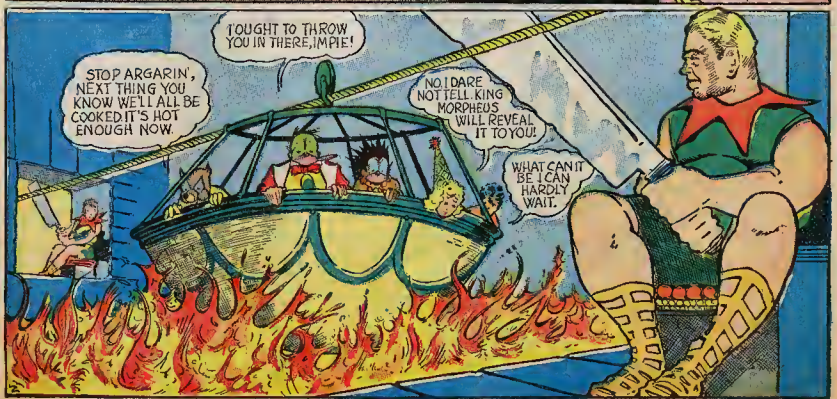
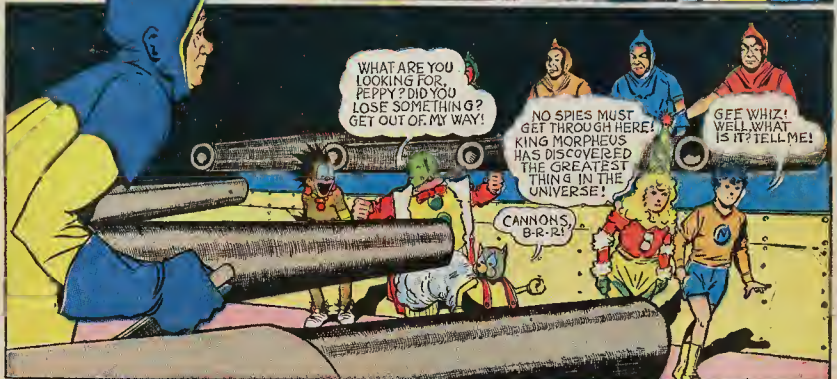


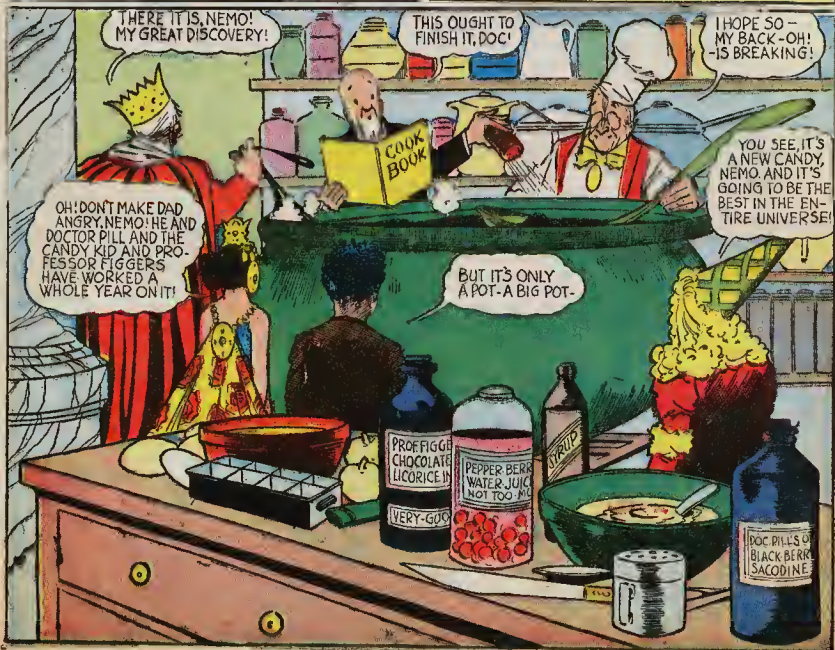
HEY! WHAT'S THE IDEA? AM I AN ORPHAN? HOLD EVERYTHING! WATCH OUT BELOW -

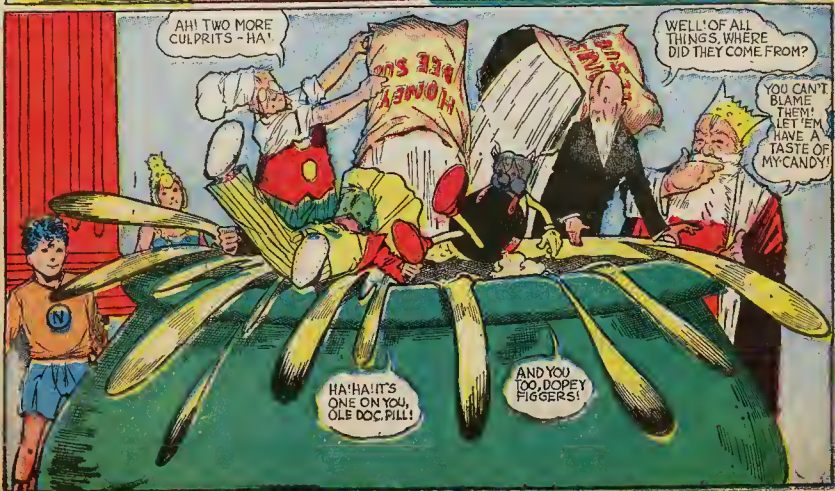
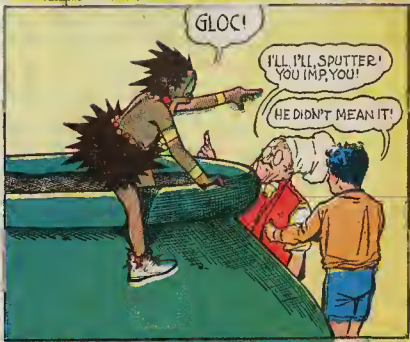
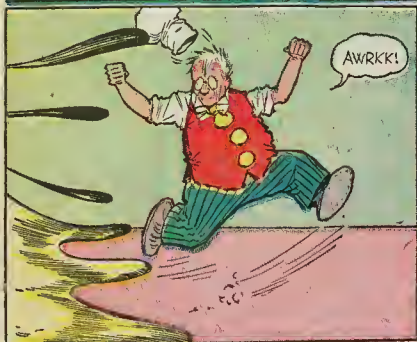
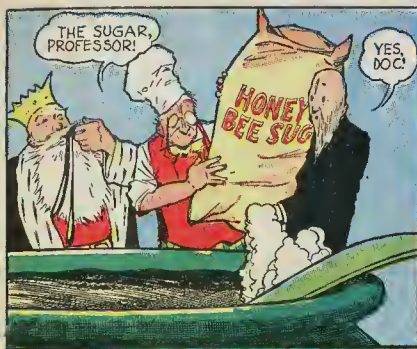
THANK GOODNESS NEMO LANDED SAFELY!

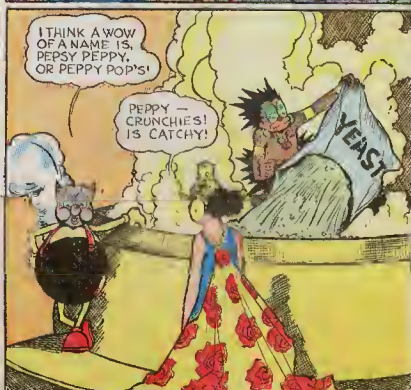
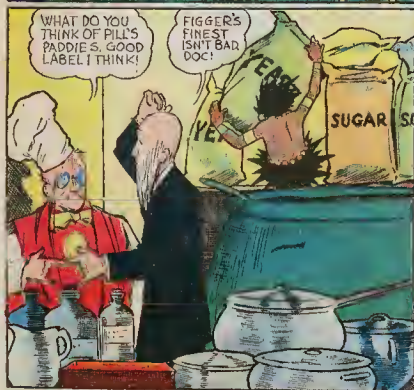
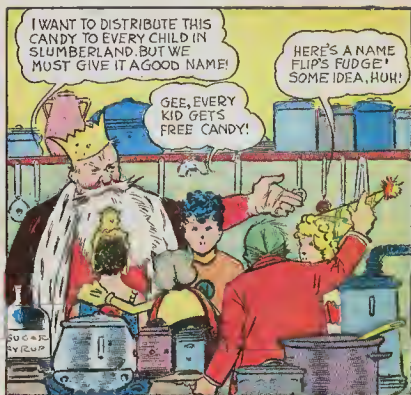
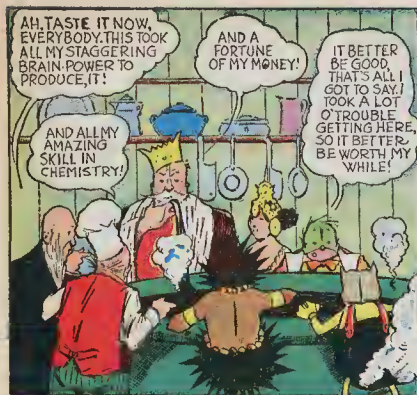
HA! HA! PEPPY LANDED RIGHT ON HIS FEET!



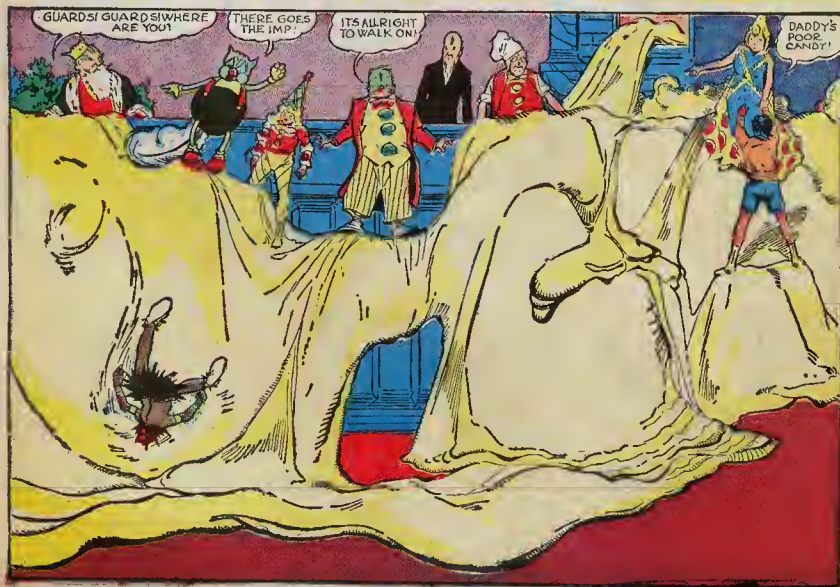


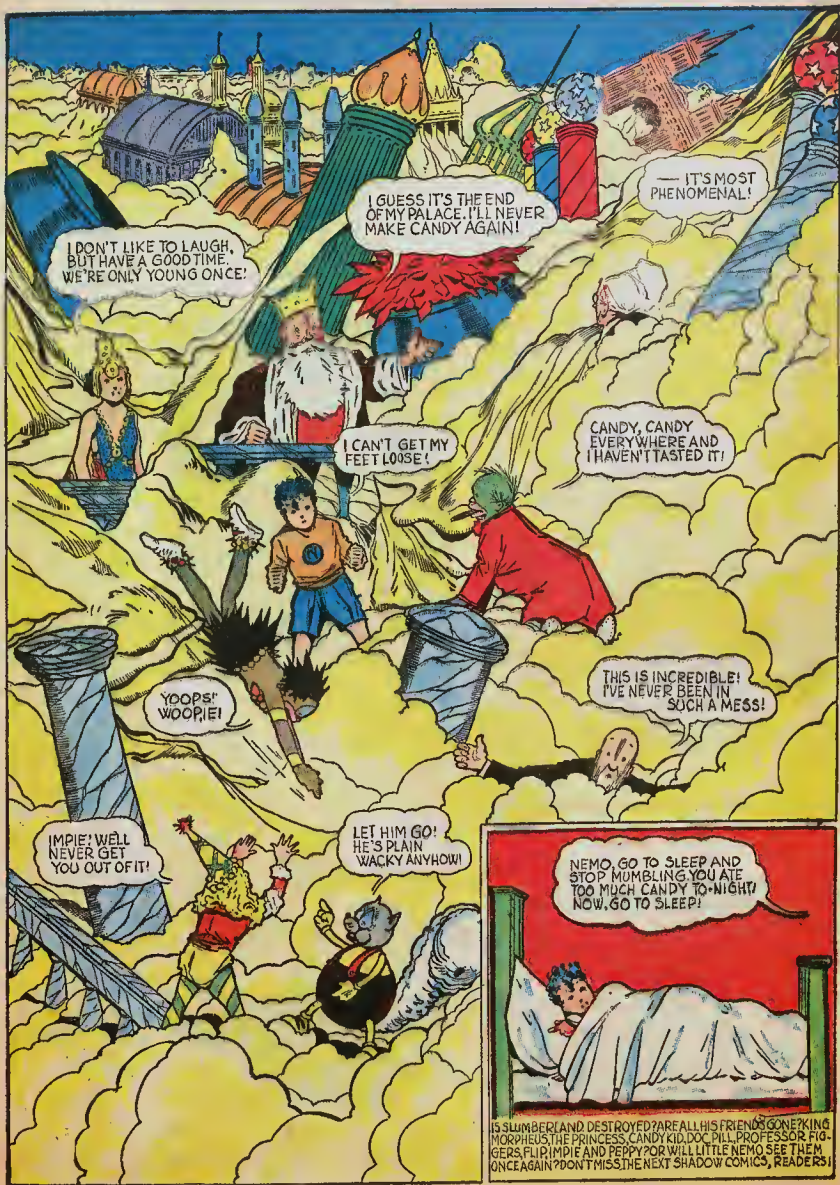












I DON'T LIKE TO LAUGH,
BUT HAVE A GOOD TIME.
WE'RE ONLY YOUNG ONCE!

I GUESS IT'S THE END
OF MY PALACE. I'LL NEVER
MAKE CANDY AGAIN!

— IT'S MOST
PHENOMENAL!

I CAN'T GET MY
FEET LOOSE!

CANDY, CANDY
EVERYWHERE AND
I HAVEN'T TASTED IT!

YOOPS!
WOOP!E!

THIS IS INCREDIBLE!
I'VE NEVER BEEN IN
SUCH A MESS!

IMPIE! WE'LL
NEVER GET
YOU OUT OF IT!

LET HIM GO!
HE'S PLAIN
WACKY ANYHOW!

NEMO, GO TO SLEEP AND
STOP MUMBLING. YOU ATE
TOO MUCH CANDY TONIGHT!
NOW, GO TO SLEEP!

IS SWIMBERG AND DESTROYED? ARE ALL HIS FRIENDS GONE? KING
MORPHEUS, THE PRINCESS, CANDY KID, DOC PILL, PROFESSOR FIG-
GERS, FLIP, IMPIE AND PEPPY? OR WILL LITTLE NEMO SEE THEM
ONCE AGAIN? DON'T MISS THE NEXT SHADOW COMICS, READERS!

*These drawings
were sent
in by
our readers*



By KENNETH LUTZAI
14128 ORLEANS STREET, DETROIT, MICH.



By HENRY HERSHFELD
3221 RIDGE AVENUE, PHILADELPHIA, PA.



By RALPH BRESWITZ
57 GAYLORD ST., BINGHAMTON, N.Y.



By DON JOHNSON
2541 N. LOCKWOOD AVENUE, CHICAGO, ILL.



By ROBERT W. LAUTENSCHLAGER
1545 SAWYER AVENUE, OAKBROOK, ILL.

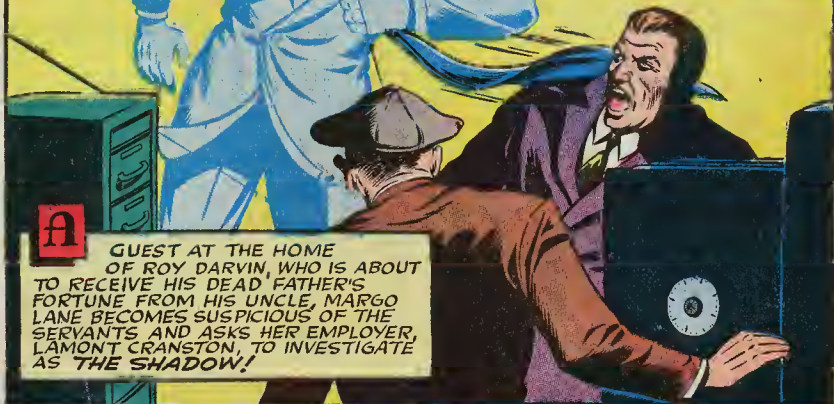


By FRANK LAZZARA JR.
462 N. MAY ST., CHICAGO, ILL.

FOR EACH DRAWING
ACCEPTED WE
PAID \$2.00. THIS
OFFER IS NOT GOOD
IN CANADA.
READ HOW YOU
TOO CAN GET \$2.00
FOR YOUR DRAWING
AS EXPLAINED IN
**HOW TO
DRAW FOR
THE COMICS**
ON SALE AT
YOUR NEWSSTAND
10¢
THE COPY

The SHADOW

UNMASKS
A FRAUD



A

GUEST AT THE HOME OF ROY DARVIN, WHO IS ABOUT TO RECEIVE HIS DEAD FATHER'S FORTUNE FROM HIS UNCLE, MARGO LANE BECOMES SUSPICIOUS OF THE SERVANTS AND ASKS HER EMPLOYER, LAMONT CRANSTON, TO INVESTIGATE AS *THE SHADOW*!

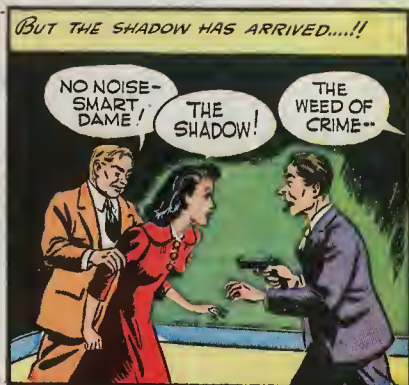


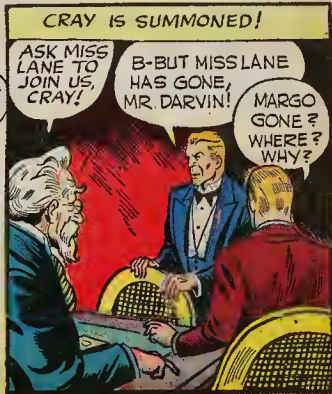
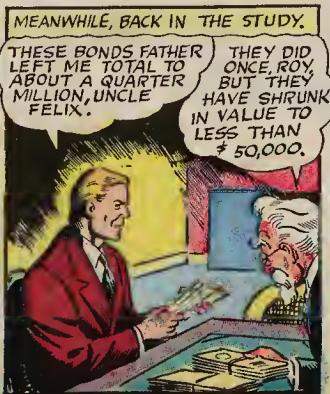
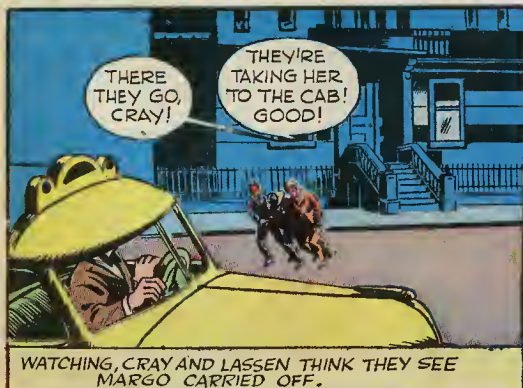
I WISH I KNEW WHERE THE SERVANTS, CRAY AND LASSEN ARE.

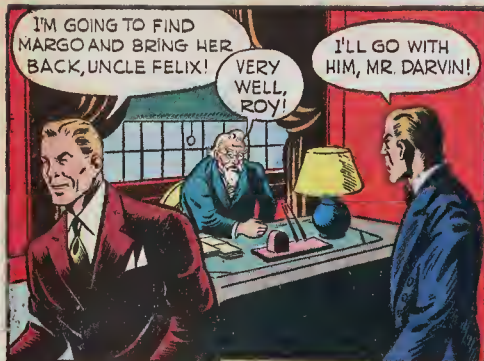


THERE GOES ONE SERVANT, CRAY! I CAN LEARN WHAT HE'S UP TO, EVEN IF I DON'T FIND LASSEN!

VERNON V. GREENE







LASSEN MISSING AND MARGO BACK!! SOMETHING HAS TO BE DONE ABOUT IT!!



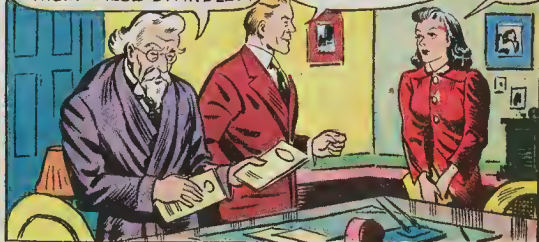
BUT CRAY HAS OTHER BUSINESS IN MIND!

FELIX DARVIN EXPLAINS ABOUT THE FORTUNE LEFT TO ROY

IF IT HADN'T BEEN FOR GIFFORD'S NEGLIGENCE, WE COULD HAVE SOLD THESE BONDS BEFORE THEIR VALUE DWINDLED!

GIFFORD WAS UNCLE'S SECRETARY--HE WAS KILLED IN AN AUTO ACCIDENT!

YES, I KNOW!



THE BONDS ARE YOURS, ROY, MARGO CAN WITNESS THE TRANSFER!

WON'T WE NEED ANOTHER WITNESS?

I'LL BRING ANOTHER WITNESS!



WHAT'S UP, CRAY?

LASSEN AND I GOT RID OF THE LANE GIRL, BUT--- SHE'S BACK AND HE'S GONE!



MEANWHILE--- CRAY REACHES THE TOP FLOOR!



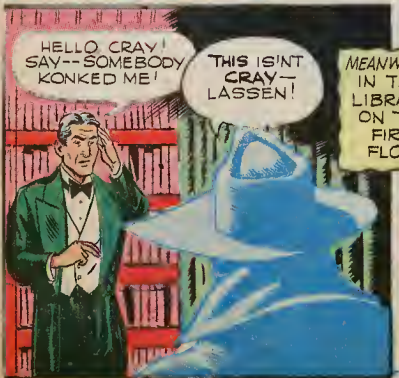
HELLO CRAY! SAY-- SOMEBODY KONKED ME!

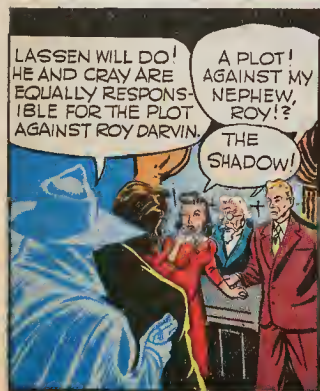
THIS ISN'T CRAY-- LASSEN!

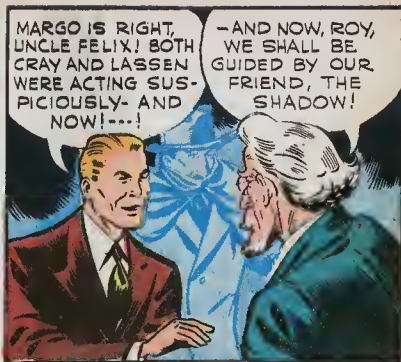
MEANWHILE-- IN THE LIBRARY ON THE FIRST FLOOR!

THE SHADOW !!!

RIGHT! THIS TIME, LASSEN! YOU'RE COMING ALONG WITH ME!







I WOULDN'T RING FOR CRAY YET, MR. DARVIN! LET HIM CONTINUE TO LOOK FOR LASSEN!

AN EXCELLENT SUGGESTION-- MR. SHADOW!

BUT CRAY, UNAWARE OF WHAT GOES ON INSIDE THE STUDY, WALKS OUTSIDE WITH ANOTHER PLOT IN MIND.

WHEN ARE WE GOING TO BUST IN ON THAT OLD BUZZARD DARVIN?

QUIET, MEN! USE DISCRETION!

SEIZE ROY AND THE GIRL WHEN THEY COME OUT. MR. DARVIN MUST KNOW NOTHING OF WHAT HAPPENS!

OK, CRAY. THIS IS YOUR PARTY!

THE PARTY PROMISES TO BECOME A MUCH LARGER ONE ---- SHOULD THE SHADOW'S PRESENT INVITATIONS BE ACCEPTED!

THIS IS THE SHADOW, COMMISSIONER-- SPEAKING FROM THE DARVIN MANSION. I WANT YOU TO COME OVER---

MEANWHILE-- WE CAN PROCEED WITH THE TRANSFER OF YOUR FORTUNE, ROY!

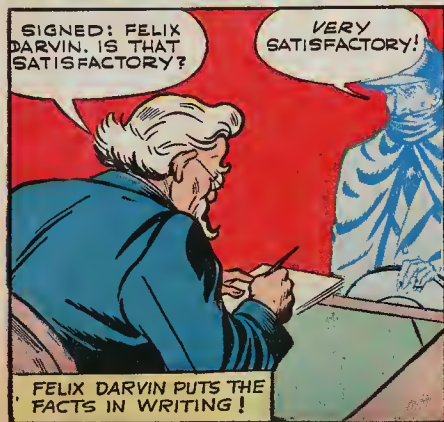
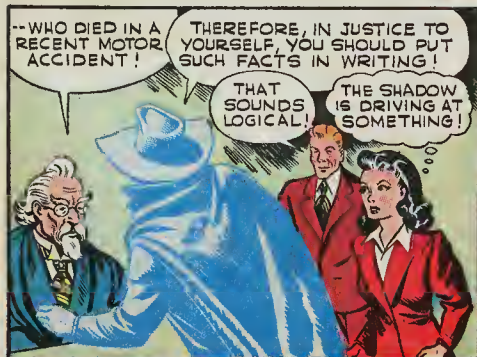
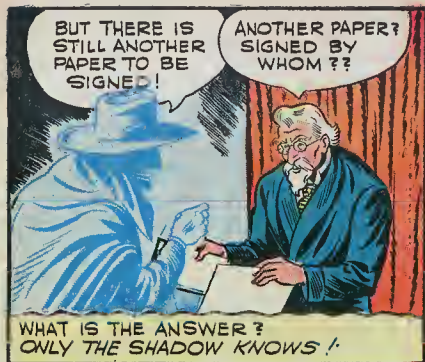
BUT WE NEED ANOTHER WITNESS AND WE CAN'T USE A CROOK LIKE LASSEN!

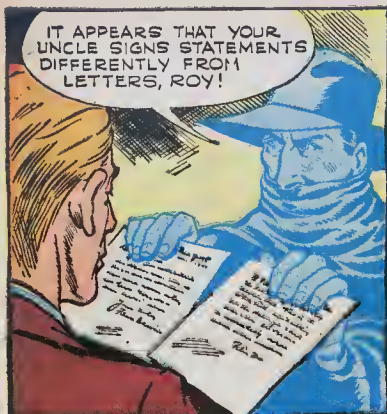
I SHALL BE THE SECOND WITNESS!

I WONDER IF HE'LL SIGN "LAMONT CRANSTON"?

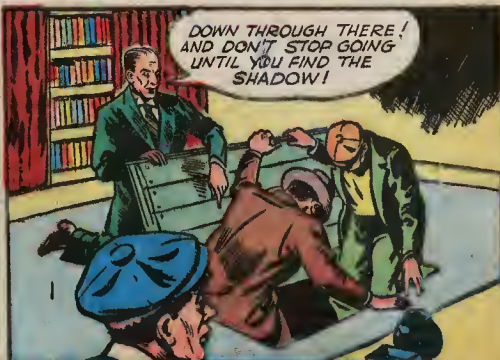
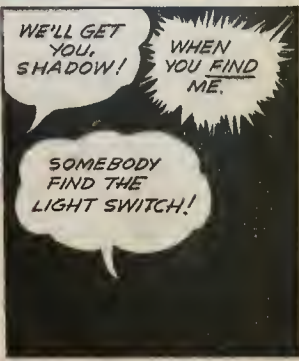
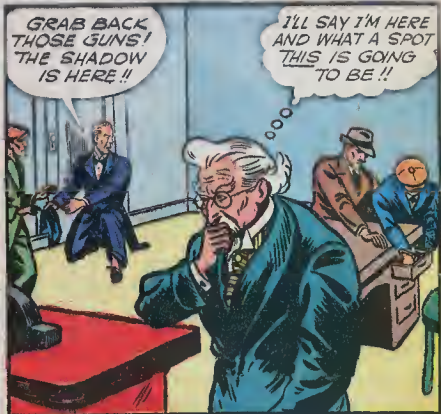
I HAVE WITNESSED ROY'S RECEIPT OF HIS FATHER'S FORTUNE, MR. DARVIN. I HAVE FOLDED THE PAPER TO PRESERVE MY IDENTITY---

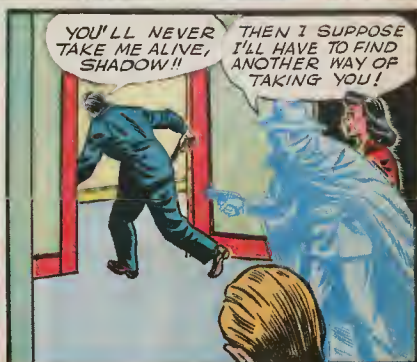
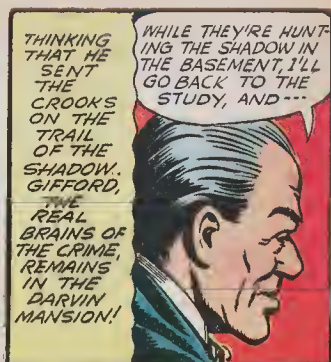
QUITE UNDERSTANDABLE.

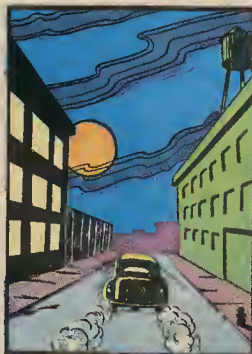
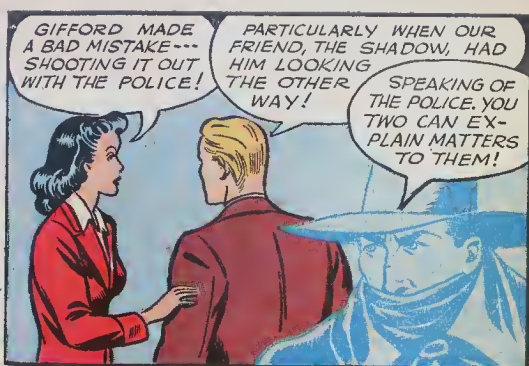












The Newbie Land The Nazi

The big, blond-haired man leaned against the newsstand and held the paper out in front of him so that any passer-by would have thought that he was just standing there, reading. "Say, boy, would you like to make five dollars?" he said softly.

Tim Williams looked up from his papers in sudden surprise.

"I work inside the plant," the man said. "I left something in there—just a little envelope—and I'll give you five dollars if you get it for me. It's a lot of trouble for us workers to go through, but I noticed that the guard lets you go in and out any time."

"Well—" Tim bent to tie one of his sneakers while he considered the proposition. The man's English held a faint trace of a foreign accent, and somehow his work clothes didn't seem to hang right. Tim looked up at the man's hands. They were soft and smooth, and the nails gleamed with polish. This man didn't work in the factory. There was something wrong here—and Tim decided to find out what it was.

"All right," said Tim. "What do I do?"

"You go into the washroom," said the man. "Inside the towel holder, on top of the paper towels, is an envelope. You bring me that envelope. If nobody sees you do it, I will give you the five dollars."

"O. K.," said Tim. "Keep an eye on my papers."

The newsboy strolled in through the open gate, waving a nonchalant greeting at the soldier standing guard. In the washroom, Tim

found the envelope at once. He hesitated for a moment, and then he opened it. It contained a sheet of thin, onionskin paper which unfolded to nearly two feet square. The paper was covered with a mass of complicated mechanical drawings.

"Gosh!" Tim exclaimed. "These are plans—plans of the secret airplane instruments that they're making here! Whoever drew this is afraid to try to smuggle it out, because the workers are searched whenever they pass the gate. Say, I'm taking this to the office!"

It was an excited newsboy who raced across the yard and burst into the front office. He thrust the plans under a soldier's nose and began a breathless explanation. A few words sufficed to wipe out the soldier's smile. "Wait here," he said, and dashed outside.

Five minutes later the soldier returned. "The man was gone," he said. "He probably beat it when he saw you come in here. Don't you breathe a word about this to anyone. You can continue to come and go as if nothing happened. We'll attend to this."

Tim grinned as he went back to his papers. "If that guy comes back he'll get a hot reception," Tim said to himself. "And that reminds me—if I don't hurry home for lunch I'll get a hot reception from mom."

He locked his newspapers inside the stand and walked down the street, whistling jauntily. He was several blocks from the plant and was nearly home when a man bumped violently into him, almost knocking him down. The man grabbed him to keep him from falling, and Tim

felt a sharp pain shoot into his arm. He looked down and saw a hypodermic syringe partly concealed in the man's long, thin hand.

"Hey, let go of me!" Tim cried. He struggled to pull away and looked about for help. It was only then he noticed the automobile that had been keeping pace with him. Sitting at the wheel was the blond man who had offered him the five dollars. Tim tried to scream, but only a moan issued from his open mouth. His ears were filled with a roaring sound, and his body went limp.

He was dimly aware of being dumped into the rear of the car. Far, far away he heard voices. The tall thin man was saying that the boy had been hurt. Then he heard a little girl's voice, directing them to his house. Later he heard his mother's voice. "Tim! Timmie!" she was saying. "Is he badly hurt?" Then he heard the blond man say something about a hospital. The voices all merged into the hum of the motor, and then everything faded away.

When Tim opened his eyes he saw that he was lying on the floor in a bare, shabby little room. Standing over him were the big blond man and the tall, thin, dark-haired man. Across the room from Tim, slumped against the wall, was his mother, unconscious.

"Mom!" Tim cried, struggling to his feet.

A careless blow from the big man's open hand sent him sprawling.

"Shut up, you brat," said the man. "Your old lady was just as fresh as you were, so we had to put her to sleep, too."

"What are you going to do with us?" Tim cried. "My mother didn't do anything to harm you."

"We want you to do just one thing for us," the man said. "If you do it right, we will let you both go. Otherwise your mother will have to suffer."

Tim rose unsteadily to his feet. "All right," he said. "What is it?"

"Now you're showing some sense," the man said. He opened a closet and took out from it a cardboard shoe box which was filled with tissue paper. His big hands searched carefully in the paper until he brought forth a metal cylinder, like a thick, silver fountain pen.

"We will take you back to the factory," he said. "There you will go in again, through the gate, without stopping to talk to anyone. You will walk over to the powerhouse, which is just across from the gate, and you will throw this cylinder in through the window."

"But what will happen to the men working in there?" said Tim, aghast. "Is that a . . . a bomb?"

The big man laughed heartily. "A bomb! What do you think we are? This is nothing but a powerful stench bomb. I want to play a joke on those fellows in there, that's all. But will you do as I say? We will be sitting in the auto, watching you, and at the first wrong step

you take we will hurry back here and we will make your mother pay for your foolishness."

"I'll have to do what you want," said Tim. "It's for mom's sake."

"Good!" said the man. "Your mother will be perfectly all right until we get back, and then we shall take her home. Now, let us go."

He put the cylinder carefully into his breast pocket, and the two men went out, with Tim between them. Before the door was locked behind them, Tim took one last look at his mother. No matter what had to be done, he would do it for her.

The men squeezed Tim in between them in the front seat, but he was able to see enough out of the corners of his eyes to know just where they were going. After driving for about fifteen minutes, they came within sight of the factory. The car was stopped on the opposite side of the wide boulevard that ran in front of the plant.

"We will watch you from here," said the blond man. "Remember, one false step and we will be gone—and so will your mother. Keep this hidden in your pocket until you are right by the window, and then toss it in."

He took out the metal cylinder and handed it to Tim. It was surprisingly heavy, so that it almost slipped through Tim's small hands.

"Hey!" Both men gasped in sudden fright and shrank back to the opposite sides of the car. "Be careful how you handle that thing," said the blond man. Tim saw that tiny beads of perspiration had broken out on his brow.

"It's all right," said Tim as he slipped the cylinder into the pocket of his jacket.

The big man got out of the car to let Tim out. "Now go," he said. "And remember, we are watching you."

Tim crossed the boulevard with lagging steps. What should he do? What could he do but carry out their orders? He walked over to the gate, and then stopped.

"Hya, Tim," said the soldier. "What's cooking?"

"That Nazi spy! There he is!" Tim cried as he whirled about and drew his hand out of his pocket. The machine across the street started into motion just as Tim drew his arm back and flung the cylinder straight at it. There was a sudden, sharp explosion as the cylinder struck home, and the car was tossed over onto the sidewalk as if by the blow of a giant fist. Flames began to lick over the surface of the crumpled wreck. The alarm siren of the factory went off in a high-pitched wail, and several more soldiers came on the run, with their guns in their hands.

The guard seized Tim. "Hey, Tim, what did you do?" he cried.

"It's all right," said Tim. "I just killed two Nazis and saved my mother."

The End.



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